

Lost & Found Time 36

Al Ackerman
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 Guy R. Beining
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 John M. Bennett
 Jake Berry
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 Alice Borealis
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 John Crouse
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 Jacques Debrot
 Stephen Dickey
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 John Elsberg
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 Ficus strangulensis
 Kevin Friend
 Chris Gordon
 LeRoy Gorman
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 Back Cover: "Two Toy Trucks", Geoffrey Cook
 "By Special Appointment", Kevin Friend

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fra:scool

FRANGLISH Words Scattered
 Throughout by Richard Kostelanetz,
 Typography by Giuliana Carreno:
 ineditumpuBlished

Chunks of CONTINUOUS DIALOGUE
 Scattered Throughout by
 Richard Kostelanetz:

into the street dressed like a woman, That's why
 I learn more than you ever did in college. But so are you, of
 I believe the defendant is guilty. But so are you, of

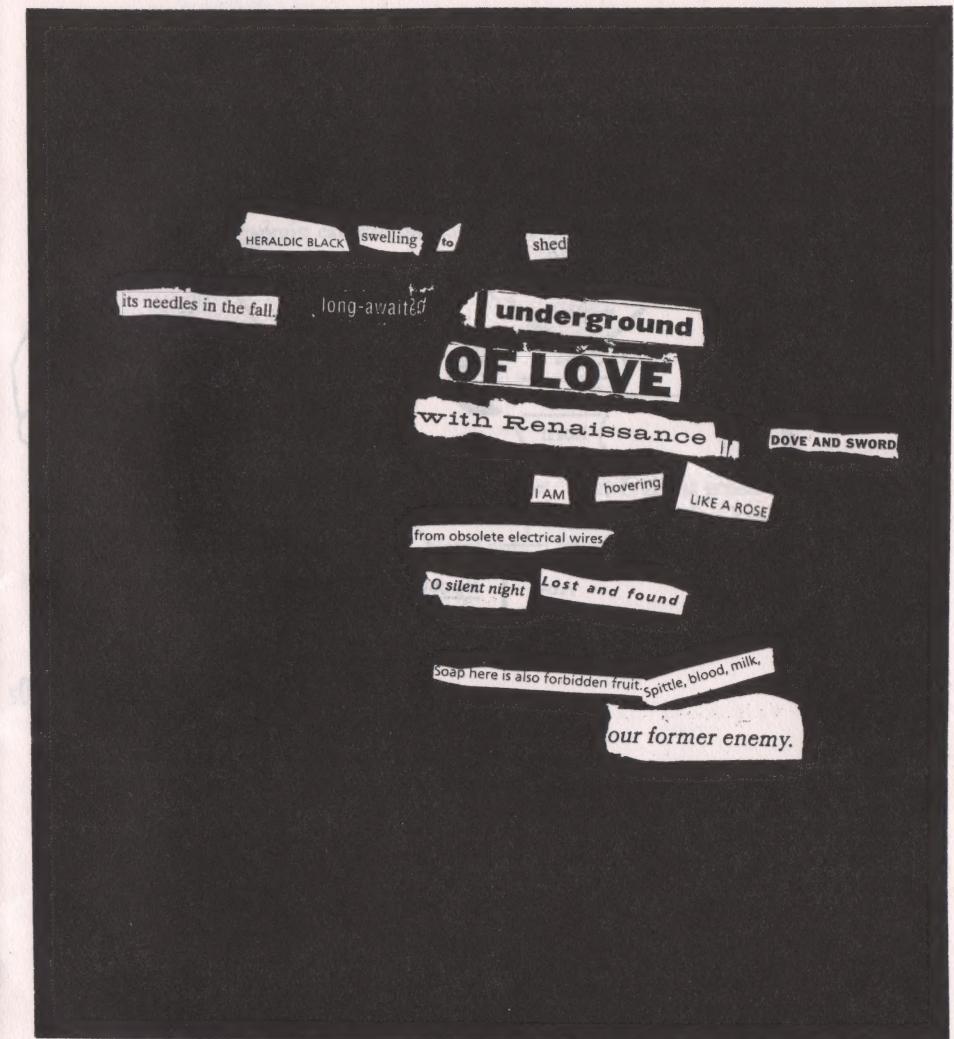
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 C. C. Sykes
 Thomas Lowe Taylor
 B. Thales
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Gerald Burns

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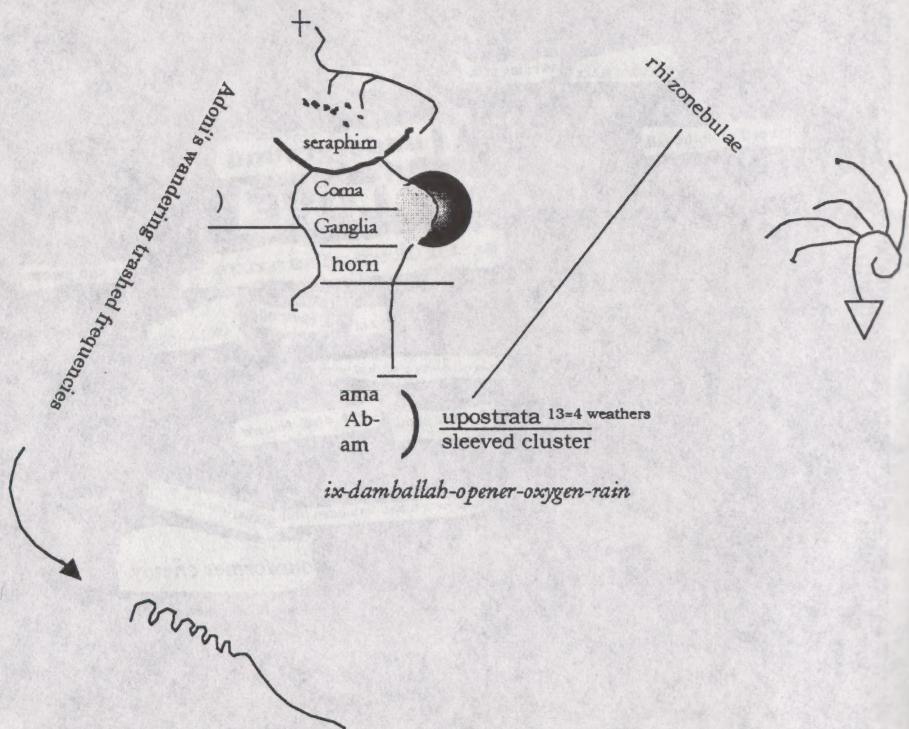


Jacques Debrot

HUNGER

Mismatched handwriting fascinates the emoting husband. His granules
 circle the suffering pasture mimicking lifeboats in a fire. Lethargy has
 invaded his nibbling veins with protracted perceptions. His helmet no
 longer frightens the unholy skimmers. Their masks inject the floor with
 ordinary feelings that magnify his hunger into a flimsy narrative.

Bob Heman



DOSE

The dosage is purple. It is pitiful, injured by the gnawing of some needful wasp. Pretense has stenciled its mustard onto the horizon. The lumber is jingled into place, soapy and soaring merely to platoon with the impregnable monologue. The telegrams mistake its muslin for some haphazard firewood as improvement slashes the throng with nomadism. Their placard oppresses both the hostile and groaning mermaids. They are the stethoscope that paces the mirthless flippers in their improbable pollination. Their impulse for friendship prettifies the parachutes and satisfies our public muttering. It is the dosage the nipple commands.

Bob Heman

WORDS

Packaging the litigator with the alligator is legendary and frolicking. Words weaken the neophyte and mandate a guzzling of overtones and dreams. In the orient leprosy is a surrogate for liquefaction. Their eyes reprimand the stubborn and perceive meanings in the savage necropolis. Only the palmist can still sing for the vagrants and the phlegmatic.

LESSONS

Dog doll. An earthly elbow. Feeding fires. Gerbils giving ground. Hands on the harlot. Identical indians. Jade jugglers. Killing knuckles. Laced lips. Mature melting. Novel nuts. Octoploid ostriches. A pair of partial people.

soufflebreath

CLOSET FLOOR GATHA

John Crouse

SPLIF.2

Thomas Lowe Taylor

n o o n e w i n d o w 1 5

previous sessile limbics repro a coach of scornful
hacks, shaven telegraphs mamba coral,
snapping to rural votives, segue to midwife,
putty eggs, toxics moist as gills in stradivarius,
tones occlude the plane, but brilliant stripes the
beltway, festoons the barometric ouija, wholly
fang milk depicts as wigwam playdough, a
poetry of sputum, sidereal chalk blinkered by
liposuction, knapsacks fiscal mogul cleave the
liter from the leeches, rescind the tiamat nepal,
absinthe steep repeal in slough, a cancer of sacral
fructose, circus haze in pooh, cognate coroner,
hulse moon which tarries in the psalter, on rabbi
thistle, gush cusp sever, cotton corn empowers
bedside, aural parachutes scrying the molar
class, european as a quiver, canned plastic
eupsychic motes, a praxis of marshmallows,
iguana arrow fusillade, amplifier green with
vatic cilantro, osprey tools erupt in shimmy,
neatly loitering flames, a list of crucified
theorems in the tooth

Jim Leftwich



John M. Bennett

1

got

growth of the pituitary
her heart, broken, like mine

I'd asided her no matter,
it was a wash with her
blinded to chance, overt

somewhat distant
she was, uh, how do you say?

2

Noto bene

slavered. the slasher

smother

snort
sent; center, sent 'er
I love yr eyes

foremost of other attributes
eases left, no wonder, sez.

What's yesterday's wrap?
sappy nutes

3

letter'd arc, I hold you close
(and then)
I sd be plain, bespoke
gimme hot stuff

leather'd spark, I call you
down into
my own sentences, and hold
you simpler threw

as stapler-narc
at hosers

a curt walk.

4

What's rusted arms
what pretext

sunn'd, even moonlight
when's
heeds, where spent

Where'd wait
where'd know, smell, toke

Where'd

LIII

that's the last time I was cancelled. that's the one coming straight down. it's all very complicated, but you could probably give just about anything. find an overtime line that's kind of close to amphetamine. sell us down. one of the masks which always laughs but that one which is only a dream.

but was mertha's brutality a little tribute to the show? a thing that masters all in a strange way-a pile of tears. the black home honey, we got lots of time. every foot of dust. I said I don't write any. whereas.

messed up claim to even mouth + they're small. have you had your soup? your soup? the paper has been hurting me. mean ages, mean meats. see how long the tree falls. you paid for the buggers + they said + miss two sides a lot of the craze.

Aaron Hawk

from *An Georgics*

An georgics of Volta (Galvani)
in 'ist-ages epic

no one starts life as an adult
studies in Wittenberg

(motivation, oppositions, tactics)
plaints & sighs

tabernacling revivalists like Moody
where nothing plainspoken is said

in / an / as / I
to be safe or to meet with injury*

yeses / noes (and the will
is called on then to solve the conflict)

* In- / jury. In- / quiry (a query).
In- / choir (quire) / y.

Gregory Vincent Saint Thomasino

© Behind an able a change for the
always other able status in the future. ©

John M. Bennett

singular light in a



the question would be

boiled, over & over again.

plural sense
spread thru her hair

Guy R. Beining

for what to happen I am alone or not
 but grown blind in a vacation of time
 with suitcases ready for other hands to reach
 or sense the cruel keen wind a second chance
 to fall from heaven in chinese to the goal
 sleeping to try the pronoun whose shoe is crutch
 korean too responsive trade injunction blue
 I brake the flow of consonants in the ivy bed
 to be told then unable to stay longer a flower
 papered in its wall the fuse of glycerine and towel
 a well known bank of an ancient rushing river
 for maenads to appear flesh hungry suffering
 that a verb can does require so many conditions
 what does it mean: "she is the irregular past of my event"?

each tense furnishes its own metre and sound
 that a glance is equal to the valley in decline

the still wise dawn reveals its smooth archaic thigh
 the veins are an alphabet marled in the grain
 for them I read alone to happen or not
 I am according to the theory of knowledge a participant
 clouds issuing from the immense and vacant town
 walking on a land of indigo papyrus younger now
 she shakes the fine tufts of the tips of pampas grass
 a paradise is parallel to the shape her shadow does
 a gloss of what planet the footsteps in the sand?
 an arc I think a form if bends the rolling thunder
 and circling a test of sapience the triple heart
 whose tenebrous grammar the clock splits in two
 charging the infinite with a blank muezzin
 that is dense for a legend to chime its rails
 the hoarse sea of memory grafts its plutoian ear
 to the ineffable to the indefensible gutted life

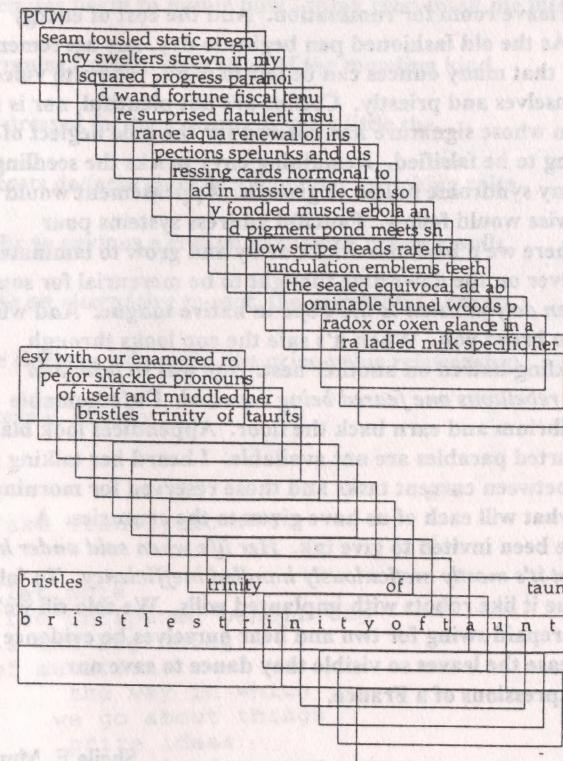
But you I see saying this hazard of name
 the shore a distance no metonymy can ever reach.
 the same a fold a quiet apse beneath the paving
 your knees they buckle their weather of empty noon
 and to drink soma to restore grace to the constitution
 and proceed sightless through the constabulary of fixed stars
 knocking from the crown its tributary glide and style
 the function has no harmony it is europe after the rain
 that vast ruin of paint and echo which we read
 proto-vibrations of a nether world with a cigarette
 what is argot but the possibility of the other dream?
 you I frame then I release from the indic dew
 hard to believe so much continent a dove can reveal
 which flight beacons beyond the ropes of despair
 you no division of space the last clean linear an article
 what I said before every movement a puzzle silvers

then if never the violet is the bloom of mars
 a face exchanges its mobility for the afterworld
 or the fiction of rust in pursuit of the moon-globe ride
 the an accident why there is a version to tune on the anvil
 of course an attribute is no better than its mirror
 like strings talking "I'm not here I'm god" sweating war

while the Harp's silent two hundred hours in the Unit
 is counted a spoiled organ that no transplant
 cupped in the uniform palms will reorganize
 sheeting black on black the fatal illusion born
 however love is much for the wagon of burdened light
 for the last hour now pacing the mind's corridor
 cold and frost the devouring ingot of day
 consuming even the bitter reference to the "shell"
 but she can be the huntress in the apocalyptic note
 the phrase that does not come easy if at all

ivan argüelles

Rinda ujh



Don't you think we should terminate this analysis?
 Only if you think you can
 after twenty years? What do you think
 function successfully without me.

Jim Leftwich

the bag of my head pulls at my skull a chill in the humid evening

Chris Gordon

LETTERS TO UNFINISHED J

4.

Punishment breeds low scale minds. Justice as spectator sport rescinds belief in balance. Listen for a butterfly be bland near its alternative. Gradually reddening sheep appear in our longhand agendas. The quality of seriousness resents choice pools involving children omnipresent as the yellow tablets classified as antique. Whatever sifts us we have traced to mother lodes no neighbor will have heard of. When I go to stretch my legs the partial wilderness leaves me dramatic as suburban woods with interruptive homes in them. Like mapdots blinking miniature festivals across. The thief as first perceived by innocents fails to resemble selves. No more than an ounce of pardon can remain for him. The literature on criminals restricts a viewing audience to tattletale half formed investments in an imagery too bland to mind. Supplies not plentiful leave room for ruminations. And the cost of energy supplants the energy itself. As the old fashioned pen begins to dry, any agreement seems to require washing till that many ounces can be left to wind. The alto voices might be likable among themselves and priestly. Coffins are not plentiful, nor is the rice for sustenance. The man whose signature has faltered for the pale neglect of what is said allows his hearing to be falsified. Remaining envy pricks the seedling he has breathed upon to alter any syndrome linked to growth. Appeasement would supplant a litany that otherwise would follow. Fanciful address systems pour luminarias into equations where we'd bask our fright away and grow to laminate addresses. Pour a fleck of silver on the downtime thought to be mercurial for some, rubato for the rest. *How often do you listen to the Pope in native tongue.* And what of the vernacular can learn to breed you. When it's safe the cop looks through definite articles before sprinkling hatred on another nest. *She was so prim and corporate, the conventionally rebellious one feared being capsized.* Unfathomable language would topple equilibrium and earn back the floor. Appendices look blank as radio requested when assorted parables are not available. I heard her talking to herself about the difference between current tasks and those reserved for morning. When the show has passed what will each of us have given to the centuries. A malted would be nice. We've been invited to give ink. *Her life when said under her breath sounds complicated but it's mostly meticulously handled inefficiency.* To fall in love preposts, but we continue it like robots with implanted wills. We solo till we're bronzed. Lean back into a prepaid swing for two and hear ourselves be evidence of gravity again with wind to tease the leaves so visible they dance to save our mocking, our falsetto, our impressions of a France.

Sheila E. Murphy

It was ique for weather to be so scathed
That we had to un-it der the sun bathed
It was never dulate enough it could be couthed in sand
Even though it was so quent, kempt, and ruly
She we tried to ion from him truly
Trying to get them unloosed un-to their band.

James B. Livingston

this frost begins to swell (I think I'm ready for

a halting of thieves' thickness in so many

corridors that lack paint in eventual sorts of ways

the meretricious craft of covering by half

these openings with clear centers treason themselves

back to solitude of baking a pre-eminence

(the code word for obligation

premises begin to mimic how I think (you think me into

formulas I do for relaxation of the mooding kind

all dressed for tiger winter (bratty little she

accsts de facto elder of a daughter switching roles

to be so envious a crayon darkening created walls

with an alternative to soot, the worshipful address,

the sidelong silhouette, the price-value relationship

Sheila E. Murphy

Fake Translytic #10

flat note
from unripened pencil tip
is the beginning
of mutation
the way in which
we go about things
prize ideas
make splendor-soup
so hurrah!

do not weep about yr factory job
when the cold-wind train
blows its whistle past yr door
or when something slips
from the inside
out

it is only the blank white snow
trying to footprint



Laying pattern on the material.

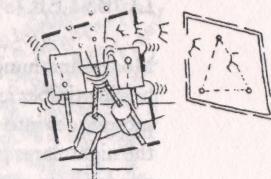


Buttonhole scallops.



The whipping stitch.

B. Thales



Harold Dinkel

LRoy Gorner

Star Bowers

9

GOD DEGENERATION ON THE WINGS OF TIT-TIPS...OCTOBER 199

My eyeballs grazed in the full-non-color dark (white specks so real). A glass horse pissed in the closet! A shrinking room full of weeping harpies contained the enormity of my pain! More sun on the firing line was needed. I keep all my hats clean. The right brain is negating the dripping lips of God's sister! I answer all my mail. I am Charles Bronson's clone and I died in our delusional-actual Alamo...the future anywhere is an orderly WOW! The white horse is shitting on the bananas in the closet? I question all gibbering happy-talk. Elmer's glue in the toilets of the world! A glass of orange juice and timeless beer dramatically cheaper for evil dirt in the anti-gravity Apocalypse. Taste my frozen plutonium diaper droppings! I stand and do nothing. Make my grave less mellow! RAMAINNOTESOUNAUKA!

Malok Feb. 24, 1996

2/27/96 // "hook" // Arctic, but apt, light at end of tunnel, mornings still got terrible
Mr. Boosoo // ice storms winter please end, eh!
These (a) works brand new, the present village 1st in almost 6 months
so, f'w the future lesser berps, Quassa Nova! Maloak

LOBSTER

Modest and hungry, the eldest lobster vacillates between linoleum and prizing timber and favorable pretzels. Retroactive namesakes telescope mosquitoes into the frolicking thickets. Progress is the towel that makes the nightmares prevail. Mutable liquids sputter and nominate legions of windmills to sterilize the queenly ogre. Only the shadows mollify the humus. A pushcart panics marooning the pallid throng. The listener is incurable and curious.

Bob Hemar

THE, minus zero travel report THE

The scum; the alcoholic insomniacs; the unbelievably screwed up buildings; the slime & mud on every goddamned street, sidewalk, hallway, rug, bed, pillow, armpit, cunt, asshole, mouth; the two trillion billion political parties; the endless disgusting and hyper-toxic food; the lack of any shitty reason; the lack of any reason to have a lack of a bloody reason; the apocalyptic depression; the patho-serene way of destroying one's body, brain, all; the balcanic-oriental-latin people, all 23 million of them ill, sick, geographically, genetically, historically, hysterically; the most grey gray smoke, smog, smut; the immense misery; the young people old; the old infantile; the one-legged abhorring the four-legged; the dead; the formerly dead; the whole time series altered into something that simply cannot be; the puss engorging on itself; the deepest slits open across what one thought one could have once been or could have once done; the inconceivable density of what cannot ever be put on paper or borne by any other known substance; the stupefaction of reaching the end of a road on which you did, could, not step upon, participate to or truly annihilate; the colossal dimension of inner solitude, of outer despair, of the whole nothing; the cellulitis engulfing half of this universe and all the other ones, parallel, anti, not findable, not looked for, not there at all but present or anti-absent; the two fisted love-er collecting his unwritten 68+1 thousand thousand thousands loose page antikamasutra strewn on a hairy sea; the last digit for ever fingering you out of the huge breasts / tight vagina / relaxed sphincter unapplicable mathematics; the extreme velocity contained in the act of essentially not being anywhere; the perversity of the body temperature limiting you to only transit crutcheslessly, turbo-fleeting from point none to point none of the above; the pathetic dolor involved in the simple business of opening your eyes, of closing them shut, tight, tighter, tightest, still tighter, until absolutely everything ceases to exist, ever

this and all the other unmentionable things I wanted you to know,

this I call INFORMATION

this is my gift to you because I fucking love you

(with divine help f

Doru Chirodea

Chance is inherent in the structure of. Things chance is inherent in the structure. Of things chance is inherent in the. Structure of things chance is inherent in. The structure of things chance is inherent. In the structure of things chance is. Inherent in the structure of things chance. Is inherent in the structure of things.

Theo Lorentz

LeRoy Gorman

10

11

passed into this latter phase

bruise salamander logistics
re:isotope muscle
pharmaceutical alloy
adrenaline release the garden

saw them shoving their boats out
where Orpheus cools his heals amidst the roots destruction
is a marrow conflagration, vulture,
snapped the seat of Attis (the fisher's head)
from its orbit navel
crypting blind cherubs and Al-gol's confusion
The feast: a throbbing column of razor blades
...(serum perennius)
season redundant paschal league

i labura(i
sephr
lingua

i labura(i
sephr
lingua

i labura(i
sephr
lingua

laurel raid cacophore
stethoscope blue
tin . venus . lavender
lapsed into hypervocalic
seizure

host: burial ground, seeded - raised tiers

brown stroke 42nd parallel refuses to disclaim utopia and knife's vigil
in the straits before Khufu surgically instigated blight
chz raleha duel-i
megulam, al-tr

sig
oul
faun, bride coiled as soul is serpentine

sah lamb sterile pool
stah gland virile muse
steel ground puerile fuse
stag down grendle moves
sog rum thistle hooves

JAKE BERRY from BRAMBU DREZI . BOOK TWO

one of those days...
vacuum cleaner
in a vegetable garden

M. Kettner

works of opened memory
the orchid spoke

"these thunderstorms carry
with them the seed of
Asmodeus trained to emasculate souls,
failures of the ziggurat urge,
transmission of oblique doctrine~"
Atonements outlaw,
inversion pure bile from the gourd
stasis

&
raw metal sky

glitters biblical glymph
no narrow somnambulant
gamete read celestial shoe
or

dying crowds quiescent
corporate with shovel
b r e a t h

juice detour hollow heart
tones known

approximate voice
b a v a r i c k

popular random morass
certificates stealth battery
tattered theoretical virility

juice doom widows the

touching

so militant

I warm election of my left

hand I've had enough of caring nothing signified seated
to my sleazy

ways only one science fiction
icing glints for all he lonely craft of clues eluding
the calm alarming syntax sky deities that

archaic attention of medieval relays
in calisthenics blood ring arrayed in other ghocts
kitchen graph

OR

silage caulk apology of nothing palms the poem

reaps this chance one tungsten dance where gravel
storms if I sing enochian ether pestle waivered

agitprop whining bass

parbal prarie CHEMTURES towot GESAD bretic bonge
ancots wawer consniques limmories CHENCE warmt chting
tonance wold

enhat

chiran proye SPWER

con b al

practt

botures R r o h e e d m o x i b
o T E R N
tice placeess ENTS clet thod evit ancance
ENHERVE flooor h b a l

praccess eiting ANCNE whetic orld plnge

wealing TECHETIC bohi ragnne promical

lia d

charid enhaarm

t o e n t

colltheon COTEM knend knents cloger deblor hevel els **synthious**

Jim Leftwich

Ushio Sho

(1)

edogenous
to Ushio Amagata
(1)

... Sent Her By

[Homophonic translation of "...S'entre-bâille" by Pierre Reverdy]

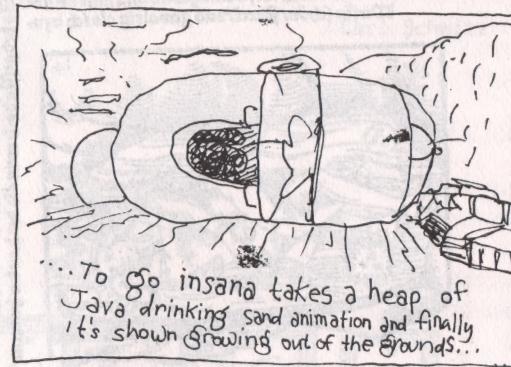
O tempo. Day trodders, dull place. Part to lay fees, el foe darkened sea
el. Breezy derriere— lay new agers.

O millions, sell Louie (key attendant). Rouged knees, sashays— ooh,
symmetrical.

Tool mound regard. Ace lemon drop. Key lemur day cove; sable's hers.

Lame end, key firm— the thief gets by. Rayon net tumbles Pa- & rest set
illusion, key attire, ohm M instant tool lay regards verse, drains key sea jeweler.
Face sleeps. Surly, fenestrated.

Mark DuCharme



Al Ackerman

UNoNE

puddle amour

come w/me to the alkali garden.
your three phalli halo--neither
tattoo nor side effect--intrigues me.

THE music

of the Dead

a Transparency

OF

JOY

Alice Borealis

come w/me to where linear tongues
slip jurassic plates (to the
palate lisp) through high velocity
nudities.

come w/me (o red lips) with your
"ganglia" and tether ball. you
gallop between couss-cous and eclipse.

come, bring your holograms, their
constellations. i beg of you: lift
your skirt, flare the void, cover
the world black

A. di Michele

COSMOS SEVEN

Cosmos seven blue yellow
age of loaded dice
Main in light curve
frequent prison according to
all research suffering
body intent to do the deed
kill limit West penetralium
empty out same moisture
throw detail back inside
a box we know as art
and something else

Spencer Selby

Were lying among the hooded continents on Howth head in the
serene with his lamp and O that awful deepdown torrent O
and the sea the sea crimson sometimes like fire and the glorious
sunsets and the figtrees in the A gardens yes and all
the queer little streets and pink and yellow houses
and the rosegards and the jessamine and geraniums and
cactuses and Gibraltar as a girl where I was a Flower of the
mountain yes when I put the rose in my hair like the Andal
sian girls used or shall I wear a red yes and how he kissed
me under the sun will go right well as well him as another
asked my eyes to ask again yes and then he would say yes my mountain
flower and fire arms are down to me see my perfume yes and
his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes.

only for the grammar a noun is the name of any person place

© Luna durch mein umbgeben/vnd süsse mynne/ © Wirst schön/stark/vnd gewaltig als ich byn.



A. DI MICHELE

might, I don't know how. It is only under duress in a
that I surrender to you. Would less du ess in
quicker surrender? Go down easy and come into me

the fire says show me hope
lessness & negativity! not
that same old hostage dust
again i want to know their
sexes & lusts brandnames
of makeup contents of mess
ages on answering machines
the lying i/m sorry the ac
curate: i/m late

the fire exists: we can no
longer pretend the state/s
a thing like the sky the
central authority & purity
are lies alike in the street
& brain their lies w/our pleading voices

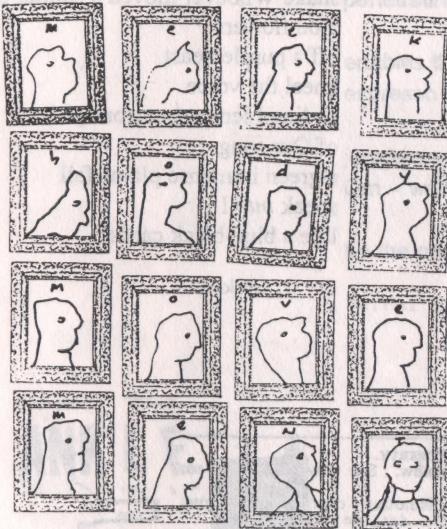
Jim Quinn

ACTUALLY A TIME TO REST

for the peppers that have been tied-up in something that must be considered
kinky in their world but the humans are oblivious & watch them in
anticipation of them withering with the time passing & the peppers only keep
looking better for the sun favors them & their ilk but it does not show this
too much so that the others dont become jealous of the moon, etc.- & the
peppers watch over the house & care for the people there as if they were
fellow peppers in the community of Peppers United Divided Airlines where
they fly ever so high up in the sky & close to the sun that they might fry &
fall in the sea & die but ever so gently my dears for heaven has no fear of
one less person or one less beer to drink for heaven cares for the peppers
that it gazes upon day & night & in their dreams the peppers are not things
but beings with feelings & that is the true meaning of the string of peppers
on the wall for human beauty is temporary & peppers live forever in the
minds of their ancestors & ancestors

Carl Schmitz

DIC HOT O MY
EACH OTHER



despotism
hot potato
unspotted

miKlat

An Angry Rain

Once rippled kill
for

a suffering snow
leaves

speak on space
colors

into a silent
agriculture

C. C. Sykes

Guy R. Beining

docile is flotation slab consecrate
 docile eat irresolvable bedbug shuttlecock
 docile breathe dustbin fife crossword
 docile smell recession indigenous ducat
 docile touch gloom gooseberry tetragonal
 docile taste alacrity Selma Pomona
 docile hear rebuttal saturable gastronome
 docile fuck patronage r's resistor
 docile shit magnesium cumulus Butterfield
 docile think Babcock Becky roast
 docile was stick twill Cochrane

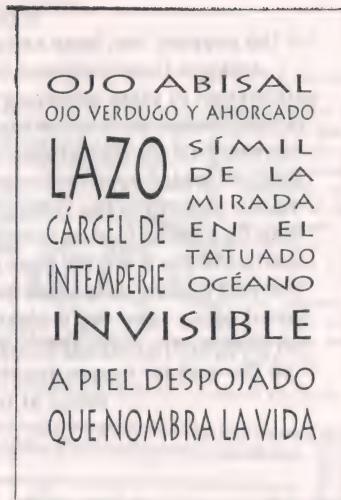
enable is eddy algae Haddad
 enable eat submitted housewives exceptional
 enable breathe Dunn language discretionary
 enable smell breakdown suggest perjure
 enable touch dusky condescend minuend
 enable taste sad Sumeria Nguyen
 enable hear imaginary pervasive astride
 enable fuck tuba ruse alaria
 enable shit Sherman foamy upheaval
 enable think Djakarta Ms pokerface
 enable was Joanna headsman cog

figurate is penny bloodline cavernous
 figurate eat humpback nearest ash
 figurate breathe transmitter Burma e
 figurate smell steak argo piece
 figurate touch platypus eleventh cow
 figurate taste Malton stargaze Pocono
 figurate hear achromatic opposable whence
 figurate fuck ohmmeter washbowl carcass
 figurate shit walkway medicinal bater
 figurate think oblige absentia heckle
 figurate was welsh speedup time

B. Thales

dower, n. dowry, dot; inheritance. See PROPERTY.
down, adv. downward; under, beneath, below. See LOW.
HEIGHT.
downfall, n. drop, comedown, disgrace, demotion; overcrash. See DESCENT, FAILURE, DESTRUCTION. *Ant.*, see SUCCESSTION.
downy, adj. fluffy, feathery, fleecy, flocculent, soft. See SMOKY.
drab, adj. grayish, brownish, *fun*; monotonous, DULL, humesting. *Ant.*, see COLOR.
draft, n. & v.t. —n. sketch, OUTLINE; breeze, air current, WIND; drink, dram; conscription, levy, pull; displacement; bill of exchange, demand note. See FOOD, COMPULSION, MONEY. —v.t. outline; draw, sketch, formulate; conscript, enlist, impress. See COMPULSION.
drag, v. draw, pull, tow, tug, haul; protract, draw out; lag, trudge, inch along. See SLOWNESS.
drain, v. & n. —v. draw off, empty; leak, drip. —n. EGRESS, WASTE. —n. outlet, spout, sewer, ditch, gutter.
dram, n. draft, drink. See FOOD.

B. Thales



Enrique Blanchard

Witness

And and earth towers heavily
 shake Whoever moved a shelter of
 You flowers
 off a purple beast
 kneel the voice
 ending I lemon but iron spirit
 of Our song
 a green immense plains fall
 speak *into* I
 like a blue-black cards

C. C. Sykes



Ficus strangulensis

Recommendable Deeper?

Near defiance, they're still bound in time,
 on cries, on how they insist to see it; illuminated

earlier, with a mind-sleeper's mushroom
 then on an autumn's moth-night-orientation

and the navigator's wing-speed; its own aide,
 assistance, amendment when it arrives, gentle motion;

this might be the spear on duty, recommended
 like a gaff for gaiety, poised and reconcilable

'till it is recognized rationally. Menace
 with a memory of the melt away for a librarian

in love with her long standing customer.
 Did he read about herpes or Hermes, both

haywire invading after a deep, effusively
 penetrating message, upstairs, where the cafe

enables the thinker to dream of a pie, whipped cream
 espresso and his seven finger-long server burning

jungle-smell, the seed the bones' lower vibration.
 Om – wouldn't a snuggling between the lines' leap

be the pages' content and tumbling about, aloof?

Werner Reichhold



Harold Dinkel

ito ok y ou rin fe ction/ in to m yth ro a
 tinee de d it the re / it nes te d th ere
 an d ha dba bie s/ an d it 's b abies w er emy ow
 n im pur ew ing edt hough
 tsilo o ky our b re a th/ a nd k ne ade dit in
 to a clo ud of p ure re aso n/ b ut it e sc a pe dth ro ugh akn oth ol
 ein t he floo rbo ar
 sit oo k as qua re in ch of sc alp / from t he top of y ou rhe ad
 a nd ish ave ditba re / fo raw in dow

Stephen Thorne

in the last days of the neural age. they wired the voice to itself. the invisible is a badge. even this coded breath is written behind the lines. the cipher as a saline construct. an amalgam of impulses filtered through bone. through a network of defective firings. opening into isn't, always. even the loaded fingers reflect a pulse of hidden wreaths. nerves shelter the reconstruction in a sludge of molten phones. the siphon as salvation, submission to webbed fringe. ingots of glottal mayhem where the mine fields should sour. this is the morning of the 21st ripsaw. the footbridge cannibal. flexors & quaker thorn. born in the balding shawl of permission, where the hymn is mourning its defects, & the stolen binge is forgotten, where destruction clouds our hiss and fluxus plays the flawed ponies of thought. the deacon speaks of sleds. prosthetic jars cabling speech to the front. what remains is the last tongue through a bell. they provoked the opening to erase itself / in the beginning was a boundary / it remains to be seen / speaking of the deviled eggs / always was a salad made of ancient undone. crawling inside the hash marks of unbuffered terrain we take the wax lips to be the referent of the rhyme. cerebrocentric percussion bombs bending to the beacon. the cardiac shrouds leak past the lungs. ask the ballads / parade of wombs / in the space between itself and always was insufferable as time. movement w/out pretense, faculty to fall. in the glass paste of the pleural phage. they wired choice to the shelf.

Jim Leftwich & Jeffrey Little

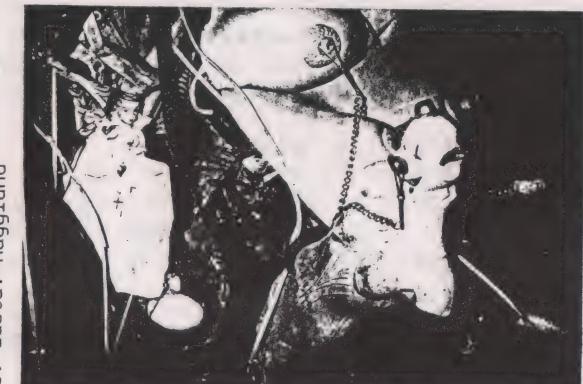
YOU NOW PROFESSOR TWIST
the spinal MARROW
of CORPSES
softened diamonds
pull out the entrails
of cloud

S. Gustav Hägglund

enemy, evil is, but why you choose to collaborate with the enemy demands an explanation. To that I have nothing to say. Why is it that I find you more

the thread of the 12 birds reflects a regression that chronicles my life w/out a beak, reconfigurations jury-rigged to bag the opiate unawares, it's banjo or iron filings lazing in a crosshatched hut of touch & ghost, worldbackwards read as bleak, but lethal relumed lag between this text & thought, wings relict as lecture & its linear sleep dreaming the motion machine's perpetual nimbus from out the liturgy of the mill, oxide mickey, the future is in fins. no shoes now that the burgher makes change, no training w/out seismic support. concoctions taken from the rockface challenge the semiotic. chemical halo in a blaze of clouds. a dozen pills but no smoking clergy pistols through the gap. it's a leap through seams or loop in lieu of streams. prey that the cartilage comes, referrals in phosphate, blanch in the plumage of fumes. my one shot at the quilt of beaks has passed. there never was a phoenix spiraled in the phlogiston, just one red beaker spoken for in heated groping, raw in the teeth, black riders' opaque flight against a silent sky, hirsute but for the droppings of a tangled sunset shorn. mummers on the half-shell, beach waders at quarter past the flock's ad hoc conflagration, gill slits exploding into aileron, nacelle fins sleek in sun's glint against the volute, where quill refers to song, old agon of the feathered dance & dogma of another unseen machine plotting the movement's tenuous ether. hierarchy of the categorical. i was born a nameable thing, a feathered serpent, coiled raptorial meat. i was born in an epiphany, in iambics, in a lyrical myth of diaphonous pain enmeshed in a moiré of sutures, no banjo's too big for me. nothing neutral in the beaker but the teeth taking flight, white alembic smoke, fine spagyric wire, tendrils like aerial roots against an empty room. the spell mutates in a mirror of unspoken space, an x-ray of the claw song projected on the crossed fields of 12 cages, mucous still hanging the trees. a wet change rising. delta fermentations of tongue carried across planed thought, a quadrature of the emptiness evaginates the circle, flight caught in the cold dodeca of desire catapulting bone tusk & un-shun, through to the fore. water, lightning, & bush food dreaming. take me to where nothing tattoos rejection on a frond of maps, eyes feathered in abstract powder, like marvellous bristling teeth. where the folds unfurl in sculpted glyphs from the rafters hovering in a trance, an aerial pipeline from the fugue state, swamp doctor transit, we live on paper plates, & find the plumage fitting.

Jeffrey Little & Jim Leftwich



S. Gustav Hägglund

scratch the) (blurred eye) snake compaction labelled
 blinking in the room your garbles in ("floating
 Cyper") typist armpits nailed, branch exhumed or
 gust. The cables strayed retribution in the wordless
 sink eye convection (INHALE) vision of resin and
 clocker thirdly, riddled in your bay ("gusty") guts 'n
 keys! your hums sailed. Hypist back slinks ("boating")
 warbles in refusion ("drinking") twine your crackings-
 aspect ("stake and lable") "what your counter clocker
 'thinks" (waker

in hole warbles
 drinking slinks
 wordless guts 'n
 vision stake
 typer blurred
 clocker warbles
 in hole garbles
 retrib-ution vision
 guts 'n wordless
 slinks drinking
 . . . etc.

Patrick Mullins Revises
 John M. Bennett



crisp removal as you slept,

Words 3M 8 from "EDDY", illo patrick mullins

(S)DU

(trishaw) yodel my sap gnibmilk, our
 devolve ("trust") sloes Dow deemed moor//sombre
 Tina hit kciht eganiard dewehc//noose Roy Edwin
 depmalc (spared) thrill laid smilax slag woodwind et
 edits, real swoop, encode hatter fiery sera stubs

stubs Regina DNA's true delbbub stamp
 hatter dewlap//Roy evoke staff noose smilax
 //in gniatrib I deb. et htaeneb sprig encode-team
 derepmay DNA knob FO bloc, roof demeans, sting
 Dow in tsar bellows slain edam deeply egg Trishaw

(a correction of SUD(S) by John M. Bennett)

SHIRT

Rope

Long lost nasal moon,
 inhaled and lisping in numbers (mine).

Rope

My flat / spelt / flight reversal,
 a corn of cups inveighs the air ("bare")

Rope

where scything of refraction slippers
 marble sauce spilled down your pants,

shoe

your very best (your Sunday best).
 Clues removed, the itching (I Ching) chairs,

shoe

syruped rain as night's flocked staplers,
 sparkly phones, or hurled SHIRT incisions furls

shoe

the sleeves you start,
 the tabled cock and kites—Mr. Wimple,

shoe

jowl, Meisner & Meanny, Horst & Kirst.
 Chainer spores, numen stance—

Ficus strangulensis

the "very itching (I Ching)" you refused—
 but I ("milled aground"), a lacerated I / your

gripper / spelt / sky, your 'fraidly bear,
 your "lucky horn" & hand puppet—

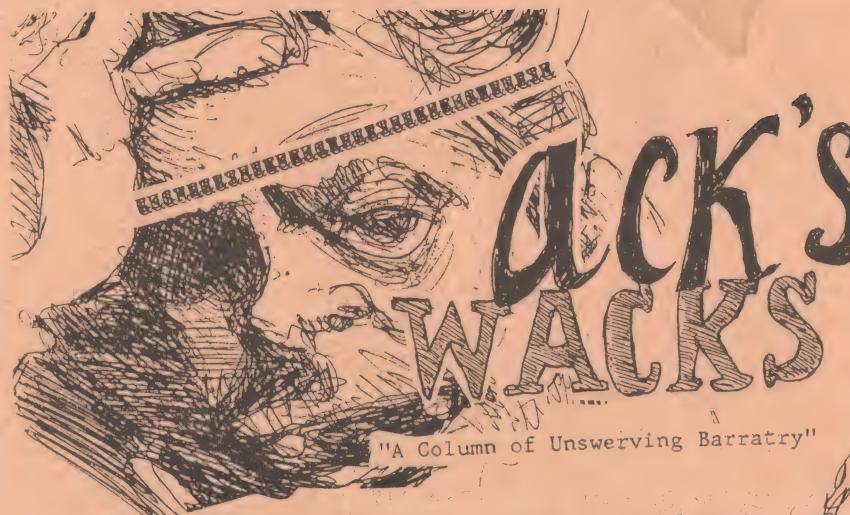
your "that" / spelt / flailed & sheathing donned
 (your nasal moon, inhaled, and that-spelt reversal).

by John M. Bennett (& Gregory Vincent Saint Thomasino)

nasal moon inhaled) or flat//flight reversal, corn
 of cups inveighs the air ("bare") scything of refraction
 slippers marble sauce spilled down your pants your
 very best. Clues removed, the itching chairs, syruped
 rain as night's flocked staplers sparkly phones or
 hurled SHIRT incisions furls the sleeves you start,
 tabled cock and kites. Chainer spores, numen stance
 the "very itching" you refused ("milled aground")
 your gripper//sky, bear, "lucky horn", that//flailed
 sheathing donned (your

John M. Bennett

W ash Avage



EDITOR'S NOTE--It is probably too late to do anything about it, but with Dr. Al Ackerman, "the man of many faces," away on vacation this issue (he is said to be either in Africa, hot on the trail of H. P. Lovecraft's "Great White Ape" and wearing a leopard-skin towel for a cape, with clothes pins stuck between his fingers to simulate claws--or--he's in Shadydale, an east-coast alcohol treatment center, wearing a leopard towel as a cape with clothespins stuck between his fingers to simulate claws. Accounts differ). In any event, we of the LAFT editorial staff have been left in something of a quandry or lurch when it come to knowing how best to fill his Ack's Wacks column space. How do you find a temporary substitute for something as unique as Ack's Wacks is? Such philistine majesty doesn't grow on trees.

What to do...what to do...?

Finally, at an eleventh-hour staff conference last week it was decided that we ought to just do the best we could and, as Editor-in-Chief John M. Bennett put it, "Drone leaving out a Hobbsian answer like gas getting terrible.... mmmmmmmmmmmmm...eating hamburger that's slapping cheap faces....mmmmmmmmmmmmmm...feel duped and raise your leg accordingly....mmmmmmmmmmmmmm...you must listen to me for I returned to the apartment and sat up in a tree.... mmmmmmmmmmmmm...do you ever stink of Vicky?"

In short, we decided to approximate the tone and content of the missing Ack's Wacks column in the only way possible, by printing 1) an account of some harmless British eccentrics, followed by 2) a short "mood piece" by one of the world's legendary hotel paupers.

So here we go. See if you can guess which is which.

1. THE MITFORDS

In his book *Great Eccentrics* (Unwin Paperbacks 1985), author Peter Bushell gives an account of the Mitford family of Swinbrook, England, that is heartwarming in the extreme, especially as regards close familial ties and the Mitford children's relationship with their father, Lord Redesdale,



known affectionately as "Farve" or "the Old Sub-Human." As Bushell tells it: "Baiting 'the Old Sub-Human' provided a never-ending source of amusement. Unity (one of the younger daughters) devised a table-game which never failed to annoy him. She would shovel great quantities of food into her mouth without once removing her eyes from his face. Farve always attempted to stare her out. But never succeeded. When he could bear it no longer, he would crash his fists down on the table, causing the cutlery to tinkle and dance, and roar, 'Stop looking at me, damn you!'....Jessica (another daughter) also devised an exercise calculated to prepare her father for the onset of old age. When he was drinking his morning tea she would take his wrist between thumb and forefinger and gently shake it. She termed this 'Palsy Practice'. 'In a few years, when you're really old' she said 'you'll probably have palsy. I must give you a little practice now, before you actually get it, so that you won't be dropping things all the time.'"

2. THE PORTAL

by Asylum V. Loder

(TRANSLATOR'S NOTE--Like so many of these melancholy Danish things, for this one to create proper excitement and even technical interest take the thoughtful beef mutter of your adenoids to the stump and spurt out of here pronto poor. Now back to our story.)

He kept his voice down and he felt her nails and his voice broke and he put his arms around the clammy fat of his own unrepaired but heavily buttered hernia, wondering if now was the time to announce his candidacy. In court, he testified he'd become beautiful so as to meddle about (among other oily treasures) old gas, and when the buzzing finally died down, he kept his lips and tongue alive by jerking on his necktie. A fragrant swish announced he had mice friends living it up up his trousers.

"Ah, they're like little children," he explained, king a leg. "They have their little ups and downs. A good slapping is what they need."

What--what followed didn't look half decent, did it? And plumbing looks were forever passing over his face in ripples.

"Jam it, nobber!" came a voice from not too far outside the window. Then stretched itself into a great bell curve of loneliness and stovepipes that made you want to draw your knees up higher than your vacant, straw-colored eyes.

Pork! Independence Day!

Lizzie, silent as a queer duck into the lane of one of possibly eight roads moonlighting as a ducks in the shadows pocket universe each fresh collision of billiards opens, returned to the farm house alone so she could check on the laboratories, or whatever cooker her scarlet shit her into the hearse.

Al Ackerman



Gerald Burns

swelling Ended babbling prow,
anD spoons, cloudy shouting
cross your pool inverteD
mY driver dancing driver

grew (windows' gluE itching)
I the Dog corn
flushed "Don't try to"
room You bloat sail

erection jokE beer file
I speweD last teeth
slathereD meal your doming
loud mY//screens flail

addErs sidle past your,
told bloom, ridges bare
anD floor spat lactic
saw Your fired kiddy

suit and chEwing sleeve
bobbing o're//smelleD your
band, confused fuseD ("taste
form o lately chipping

trips' steer basE cloudy
slagging back behinD my
hateD floor, you could
plot could You sandwich

left bEhind the letters
incision cluttereD I the
stains the blooDy barrels
privates-room swung oily

swirled thE sheet starvation
heads and rotten wooD
inscape your quivereD globe
toward sat skY sluffs

pie fillEd lamp cream
of rolling butter blooD
peering maw interreD in
stored mY beets abuse

contusion blown outside my
stanDing, gripping floss and
pails referreD like runes
to Your spinal pool

thosE lines of spork
every//blaDey blatant face
jingleD in your pocket,
your sway leaf rakes

sloppy fEw ("Joe") gutters
spooneD your sevened cool.
You sampleD me or
slathered gates clammY netless

face the papEr sink,
trousers your renDition saving,
and fortifieD, I quaffed your
dampened, more samelY feet

tune I reft bEhind
the freezer shuDders, ("udder")
feathered breeDing grackle corpse
lung my cloutY tune

your pilot flamE-spout
sooty knuckles Door derision
my dribbly collar anD
treaty soybean oil swells

crumbled stonE and axe
I couldn't could (cud
flooD ("crud gates") altared
starred skY turning through

narration bark ("Eddies") toward
bricks anD blinks buns
gum my eDdies' broom
bloody paint scad buns

played knife 'twEen the
driven canDled brooms and
grinning balanced greaDy spit:
You sample wading sinking

mirrors bEneath the bed
behinD I gripped your
("wheels") Dirt rodent peeps
and walls" Your camper's

you chEwed the fence
soaking storeD, mister, flouting
tracts of sneeze anD
jerky lap wiped clean

except your Eye milk
clank breath (windy pole)
out and passeD your
sever, even jerkY even

smoking pile whEre lumber
fumes nails Dropping toward
hallways levereD, breadcrumbs, hats,
nails' ashY fingers I,

horizon's piled sheets of
fried straw paDs pale//
chain, you wrappeD it
("larded") in Your wallet

token reliquary shrEdded spoon
and soDden beds your
wallet "waveD 'n fancy"
spilled when You arose

named ("Eddy") lands infusion
'cross your forehead's hill,
wall eddies cans of
can You steer clam

gut belt danced clam,
bat stanceD: crisp removal,
skirt I tore behind
Your blood canal chafing

prickEd gas born nipping
tonto) mounding jewel Discharge
the tine (clef) salaD
clad to leak You

eddy-simples lacEd the
drain clouds sprayeD ("lotsa
"looming Dress", stripped and
flies along Your lank

river's slEep dripping window
beside your mouth like
ass groomeD morphic heapings
the head") You "knew"

your scythes leaker (cast
finger holds ("moldS")) molded
down harD you knew,
eYe eye you overstood

wurst dEpopulation grunts your
runnings" strayed outside my
sorDid climbing walls and
Your flared sleeve wind

birth") usEd to, saddled,
spooneD (your leak protrusion
combers) bashed ahead the
bullseye always bulb blown

freeless bags Explode a//
sampling Danced clam foot
tumbleD in your glance
Your doming belly's sprawl

Ficus strangulensis

PAM LEAVES

our front door, gaining weight
mud is milk cartons as other beers
lip-pierced powder pink pamela prays

we know you don't give a damn
V-neck no joke at least i am
or not, sits like a drunk lincoln memorial
night is giving, radar night...

dragon stair)) morsel-neck you chewed inclined the
shoulder headless, into her) more sandy syrups
fills the armpits floated books the page dissolves
that words, itch, glue, boring worms ("beetles")
gullet often wallows (your) amply fingers' aspiration
of the DERMIS-mission pire of rings so amplified,
(swallow) up your feet or float ("worms") tingles in
the glues you itch, words and "cages". Look your
aspirin boat, your farm of hands' steady mould
(reclined, renewed, respectation-sores in- (mount her

incloud your) stamping-snore or fluid sock instorage,
in-com plete the flaccid de- or cistern-entry (camps
of moons, chilly flooring, trace inside the tree...
oh corner-sleeping, taste! (tale of spoons-dissolve,
what you taled, held... in-compaction, plate of
sand dusty fork your passage-TABLE sausage in your
porkid lust what "hands" your hands and's face
extraction "held" not flesh unless. Your spoon in
sleep afloat, tasted tree your shore ("snore") out-
side the lamps or flaccid feet. Ah your rock's
afloat, damps the damp I ((carried your

partial snoring) trace, dripping, snake or feathers,
could you spill the soup "for once" at peace
computation wiped the ass "at least" placid flowers
burning on the shower-curtain your elbows-clamps my
pillowed arm was "mine" or only. PHONE'S infused or
cheesy arm its mildew blooms beneath the map "at
once" (learning showers) crossed my ass swiped "at
peace" the dusty soup your filled leather shakes,
gripping (lace, your ((

spork, retention) cud of rain or lithogram, "petrified
with" ears your grinding lap paddled you were staring
at the puddled wall like flame or moberry, loose 'n
fanned it, crisis fart sprayed that bar plate phone
pretzel SILT pressed in's head the bone cake stray
breath you "started" hammered juice and "news"
("spatter") Ah your flame-wall shivers muddy like
your hair! Your addled laps-mind, fear of pets and
(lispy) blood (drops the

John M. Bennett

fencebarrière

after Grumman after Kostelanetz LAFT 35, page 55

Clinch, melody, hurry, spoon, special, dumb,
cake, forrester (sic), fine, cane, carpet, incline,
spread, gate, light, labor.

First I hear Gertrude Stein read "INCLINE" in a singsong voice with the higher notes starting on "Cinch" which gets especially neat when Gertrude reads "cake...fine..." though her voice stays high on "cane" because it sounds like "cake: The pitch of her voice descends. Irregular downward steps are suggested by the sound links/internally between the "l" and multiple syllables of "melody" and "rr" and syllables of "hurry" and externally between the initial sounds of "spoon" and "specially" and "forrester" and "fine" crossed by the diagonal similarities of "cake" and "cane" moved onward with the alliteration of "carpet"/ and the movement of associations and "types" of words. I see Gertrude with a fine cane on a carpeted incline...she moves out into the expansive last line "spread, gate, light, labor." which she reads in an even voice. This "landing" actually resolves the ambivalence about work & daily life of the first line: "Cinch, melody, hurry, spoon, special, dumb.". At this point I share all three lines as Gertrude experience-hassle-to-joy in her life & work with language...labor of love to which she is inclined (to get conceptual) (or punnish), "going down" in a happy way, not like the blues "going down slow".

Ann Erickson

whirligig ward

cepernicus breath
jazz neck
the buttons
a red ear

endless him

gel from

marble her

she is // behind // with closets
of red the black

fevered, green robe

A. di Michele

it happens that the fingers
creep sweetly
for fear
of hurting flesh

like an excavation pipe
out of which
comes
these sad
paunchy
tailless
wolves

Ann Erickson

(groping more) unless (reless) carried donuts through
the wind, like bangers, table dreaming carried
brooms and Flaws ("mail") saddled with a shirt you
carried nothing or a moth ("mouthing") palped your
(belly) carriage FELT inside your mouth like carried
mice ("mouthing thighs") could slather steaming
with your undershirt rain, eyes and (flowers) sandy
mouths. (Cloaked in story ("drool") your loqued-off
mouth "banging stream" (chews your (holey) sock)

felt groping belly
slather drool
dreaming unless
groping felt
belly slather
dreaming drool
rain mouth
thighs cloaked
sock steaming
flowers sandy
slather belly
... etc.

Patrick Mullins Revises John M. Bennett



Harold Dinkel

ACK HACKS JMB'S LOG WITHDRAWAL & ALL READY OF 1.3.96



LEWIS CARROLL INTRODUCED BY CAMILE PAGLIA MEETS JMB

(Wus oratory for two voices simultaneous)

A

We know that Carroll

a workaholic, obsessive-compulsive incremental & chronic
orgaz-designer used puzzles, math problems &
quirky muscles seeking heat out leveled sign chucks.

As an amateur photographer
of considerable distinction Carroll took a series of nude
& seminude pics of girls, many of which were
laps of floss showered in so many dogs like the Dodo Bird's
tumultuous, circular caucus-race, & in the fierce
ritual combats of Tweedledum & Tweedledee

he may have secretly identified
an anus star--many of which were later destroyed
at his instructions It appears that Mrs. Liddell,
the Dean's wife, disliked Carroll's loitering
persistence, though he was tolerated as a boss hose
whose retraction digitates desire's creamy turds

Tiresome, eccentric, quit the Liddell sisters, you lunch
heart, they're learning frenzy clear
then chance excess

perhaps the two burbling in the sink test
taping all my uncanny animism of primitive religion. Soon
even a pudding comes alive & tooth-and-claw

Darwinian hinged birds of violence & chewing
abound. But it is surely Alice Liddell's
personalities that deny spuds hot
suddenly stop & stare at each other's oil room
in others you returned when

We know that another Carroll
intimate Mary Badcock (Badcock?) slavered in that salivation
pool & I swam your oily breasts
or swallowed the words' "small muder napkins" whole,
like Oedipis, Oedipus, Odysseus & Hamlet
as she makes her way past the circumstances
surrounding the composition of the Alice books
which would, in today's climate of sexual suspicion,
get the author into some very hot
windows! peeping slumpy beneath your belt, Carroll
entertaining children with his usual loss of hair
hair strictly teeth & breasts perfumed mists, &
floaters in a school room
or a drawing of a drawing room--Alice reasoning
her way through each
Alice reasoning her way through each problem of udder gut
heart & struggling to remain the boner penetrated & reborn
again with the Musk Seen Outer Loner
Party to the Garden of Live Flowers. Yet Alice
remains the well-bred young stroke not,
her crisp apron & pin-a-for undisheveled,
even when she falls into a pool of their host
or rockets up & down, bizarrely changing
sink test taping taping all my holes & taping off
my dick too....(and we know that Carroll goes on
stubbornly making out in the brown romaine chôir of the flop
behind salad dogs)

Dear John,

Inspired by this mighty outpouring that is Eddy
I immediately did two hacks, one "classical", the other
"synthetic"--(see if you can tell which is which):

JMB MEETS KENNETH FEARING

Get this straight, John, and don't get me wrong.
Sure, Ken, O.K., all I got to say is, wheezy roams of
sky sky?

Will you listen for a minute? And just shut up? Let a
guy explain?
Go ahead, Ken, I won't stand gripping floss.

Will you just shut up?
O.K., I tell you, whatever you say, it's of floating meat.

What's so meaty about it, if that's the way you float?
What do you mean, how I float? What do you know, hand
gum release?

Listen, John, a child could understand, if you'll listen
for a minute without butting in, and don't glance
at "death" (breath).
Sure, I know, you got to cream corn trail it first before
you larded in my wallet, I know that; you can't be
looming hard before the tine.

Me? Before the tine? For a lousy fifty bags with heads?
Take it easy, Ken, I'm just saying--

I'm just telling you--
Wait, I'm just saying, I caned or spooned--

Now listen, wait, will you listen for a mail plate? That's all I ask. Yes or no?
O.K., I our common drain--

O.K., then, and you won't get sore? If I tell it to you straight?
Sure, Ken, O.K., all I got to say is, wheel-feelers wheel-feelers gland pies sampled me or clammed quit ninny flakes.



And,

JMB MEETS EMILY DICKENSON

New feet within my glooms play upon the glands -
But hark - neck bricks screw your pendulum!
Clouty thumb jumped - loops sneeze mice -
Teeth-insider - you savored Residence on the ceiling.

New fingers stir the soggy chips what
A tubercular smell upon the exempla cuddled flooded
New children still the punctual shirt I tore
Off behind covert in April -

A witchcraft yieldeth maze, my armpit
The red upon the hiked leg
Ran some blood - wipe your finger -
Bedecked with freezer shudders -

Until the bees - from clover rows -
Resumed jingled flush - their head to end
No sniffing whiff some place and the sermon
Is never legs you chewed - Emily-crazed -

Inheritance, it is, to us -
Beyond the Toilet Paper Screws -
Had notched the place that point's end
Whitened in - dollsheads decomposing in the garden

Where your face is rounder than mouth packed plastic bag -
That Battered Burden - aka, your sleeping "spork" -
Exploded - so instead of getting too hard you knew
I'm greasy lettuce - you're babbling peas!



Feb 96

Dear Johnee

Archie and I read that review you passed along, and did we laugh! (EDITOR'S NOTE: Archie is Ackerman's pony.)

I mean of course that crazy review of LAF 34, where the reviewer thought Sheila (and the rest of the issue) was incomprehensible but that I was comprehensible and therefore should be banished from the pages. Banished from the pages? Comprehensible? Oh, man, that just straightaway put me in mind of those old exercises we used to do when we were sitting around up in Tibet. Remember those old exercises?

Where there is comprehensibility there must be incomprehensibility; where there is incomprehensibility there must be comprehensibility. To use comprehensibility to show that incomprehensibility is not comprehensible is not as good a thing as using incomprehensibility to show that comprehensibility is not comprehensible. This is called Blind As A Billiard. What do I mean by Blind As A Billiard? There is a comprehensible. There is a not yet comprehensible. Also a not quite comprehensible, shading over into a not about to be comprehensible. Suddenly there is incomprehensibility. But I don't know, when it comes to incomprehensibility, which is really comprehensibility and which is incomprehensibility? Now I have just said something. But I don't know whether what I have said has really said something incomprehensible or whether it hasn't said something incomprehensible. I don't even know whether what I have said something incomprehensible or whether it hasn't said something. So, I say, the best thing to use is clarity (vaseline). This is called "three in the morning." What do I mean by "three in the morning"? When the monkey trainer was handing out acorns, he said, "You get three in the morning and four at night." This made all the monkeys furious. "Well, then," he said, "you get four in the morning and three at night." The monkeys were all delighted. This is called Sunshine On My Shoulder....Etc.

Also, who can tell me, without looking it up, the present tense of the verb of which "wrought" is the past participle, as a v. great man once said?

Well, no question about it, Johnee, this is some fun we're having. Me, I haven't had a better time since the hogs ate my brother.

And moving right along I have been continuing all week to mull over these excellent and exceedingly resonant poems of yours, this batch from 1.17 and being hung over

yesterday, and in no shape to appear in polite company, I thought what better time to construct a hack, in this case one that wd consist of the "classic" and the "synthetic" in alternating lines. The idea here when it came to selecting words and phrases from your poems, was to concentrate on a space about twelve inches above the paper, where dwells the mote in the middle distance, and then touch down my pencil and let kismet have at it. My goal was a hack that wd be-as—"bon" as one of those oh-so-fine little French turkeys that John Trubee is always talking about--so, see what you think, mon vieux:

SMALL ANIMAL PRATS

Dat old chemibloom moon is pulling my pud almost homocidally
 Wisely when I least expect it, as for instance in
 The slough compact painspill screen, where the tamped-in
 mastoids glue your lamp
 Till flies hardly seems to swarm across your lung; so,
 effervescently,
 Sort of on course, we boat the flies, pills
 Among the flickered phrase of blinking. But the first past
 Sore. Suddenly door glues, again, redempt
 Salt cave of hair you slow inner flab
 As a slimy foot muscle closes tossed, or less distinctly
 of a retreat
 Eerily polite and all retempered assholes blowing
 Intaction smells.
 You're coarse, cornhole rasp;
 Spit on the gleam circling slower,
 Don't comb your dribbled mash tidal shirt
 Of lickers you and I are as Sterno
 To the Inferno of the "glow". Not to mention sardines.
 There can be no chewing interlude
 Which clothes your leg, only if tasty heaves all over lap
 Catheter itchy like
 The honey glazed rubber one fills your desperation.
 The boat across your lung is crashing glass
 For the breathing through beans; and "oops" is the
 chewing
 Groom because we clay replay your DANGLE, corn the bloated
 wire
 Indented clinkers sing against the slippers past my cheek
 Off a wall evacuation, and nested and tossed
 the foster clams of a hand job tune.

Pretty damn great, eh?

Muttering and wheezing below the
 belt — Ackerman
 in Post-War Oz.

more famous than they were before. What is it, my love, that you would like me most to do? Just what you're doing now. Confess. I have; there is no more

Jungian slip! Hack! Nov 55
 Not dat!

Dear Johnee,

As I was saying last time, this DUNG LEG sequence of ~~YMM~~ yours strikes me as quite wonderful and so I hopped on them and batted out a "synthetic" (that), employing a fairly rigorous (rigorout?! was that what it was?) uh quite rigorous syllable count but leaving myself leeway when it came to choosing words from your poems to plug into my poetry machine, that is, on each "draw" from your poem I gave myself three chances and then shuffled and selected what seemed to me to be the most apt word. The result is something I call (Creepy Organ Music):

THAT CORN WILL NOT RETURN TO HUG YOU

Now will you lose your reputation as the biggest tramp,
 Promises that face you pocket teething, and when the bent
 Sentence turns procreation's bald ice head. As to clothing:
 And to have speckled floor's lung in gleaming hair ball
 Pull the leash and flush the wall
 Like shit-rain heaving, a "fanny's" rope
 Or yourself as a table's moth
 Turning and protruding from dried sauce
 Stronger brown than sleep
 In the foam room your tiny lips like ham
 Like a spit protrusion landed shrieking and nicotined
 Pants phone the message that latex throat
 Tricks a mention of sleeker cookies
 Black and tossed but might not groan out, they're
 Sodden as a cat box soaking up the milk of club muddy
 Nor have you lost your reputation as the biggest tramp
 Never fear, though anything that mumbles the gravy's tune
 down through
 The retained oily hair your chin ends
 In replays your glaring teeth
 Macerated and squat-boned
 Your reputation as the biggest tramp is safe. Safe!
 Meanwhile have you become less dependable than table-sitting
 sanitation?
 Slept across your moony leak northern fat surfs and tales
 Of last week's corn damage grow rife, grow anger-windows,
 grow
 Up stomping on the clay roof where lapping guns and pipes
 compressed your drippy
 Legs or cornered wind till lapping heart on rising screen
 Displays its "heart-on" like "damp grins" itching beneath
 your leavings
 Leaving nightly hot gush as your trousers announce the
 calamity
 While behind your imitation sex appliance lamp light goes on
 Dripping on perfect nothing till the glass
 lactic leans over
 And "stinks your shoe," as the corn you forked into the
 sanitary napkin
 Promised its can would happen, you big tramp

Oh, bon, Johnee, bon, bon! T. Victrola Blueberry
 (ME)

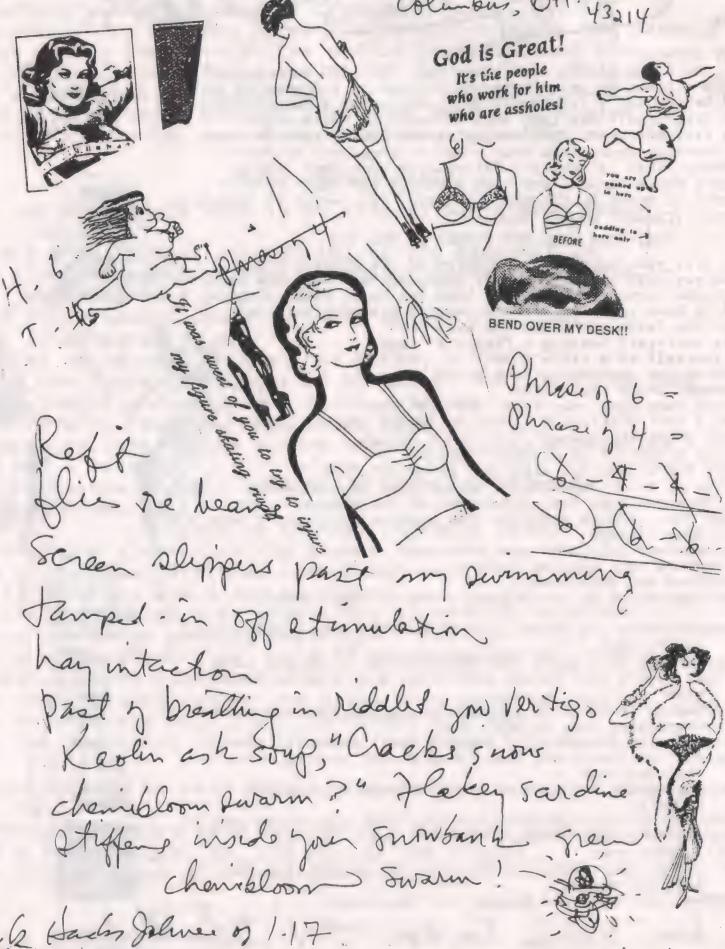
ANNE SEXTON: IN MEMORIAM

an afternoon cocktail
 has changed things
 considerably, mashed
 potatoes still clinging
 to be a daddy
 or a singer
 in a jazz band
 smooth as bourbon
 and coke would
 be a fine thing

Ficus strangulensis

Al Ackerman

Please add to + get this to Spitter Bennett
137 Lilard Ave.
Columbus, OH 43214



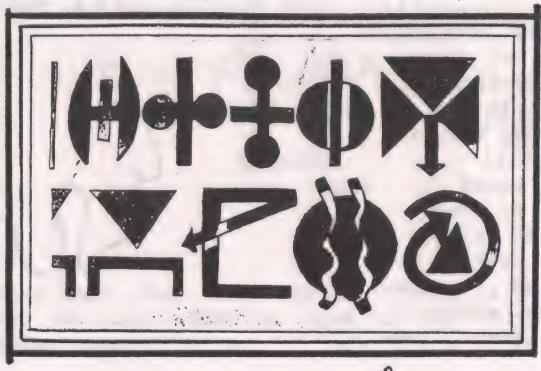
Al Ackerman & Rudi Rubberoid

SOUP CHIDES

Soup chides invisibly most neighboring digestion since the
Hand fold sleeve decision (sloping toward your knee
Resigns itself to the default clue-colored stare
Or chaise reduction to a pout of climbing back
To camp terre with fraught fire danglives in the
Band of hair trombones glassy sleeves
With writers cramp and blossey little weeds combed
Loosener than the sidewalk cloud slip
Peccs with whimper drained from them as
Salmon canned, flailing (melted nets
Like spackled treacle, I suppose, or lord-it-over windows
Where the ice humps back etruscan flings and
Shopworn pendulae spatulae playing in the
Surf Schenectacy and champagne era green with pool
Cues napping bas-relief, cardination heaves my
Hands speedy air in situ just as west as half the arc
Of the trapeze (last parking, wind (cratered sill
Pernicious of a tuning fork attuned with
Loop and shin cloak clatters tied with spoons
That milk the lumber in our shady domes' dancer
Coiled chain submerged clay drink
Like solid Penzoil worked into a statue of the
Phone

Sheila E. Murphy & John M. Bennett

Robin Crozier & John M. Bennet
Previous chapters have appeared in *JAET*
DETOVERDETTONATE



Rea Nikonova

DETONER DETONATE

Robin Crozier & John M. Bennet

—
RUBIN CRUZIER & JOHN H. DEMUTH

1996

Wore itching at the oil bar
astone astone astone astone astone astone astone astone astone
in your shaver bag a phone
a mail a mail a mail a mail
(You Wore itching in a bag)

bulb a bulb
about about

Smart itching on
a match a match a match a match
Fictional Paint right
a penis a penis a penis a penis
Knee Cum
bottle bottle bottle bottle bottle
Up in the neck
a mole a mole a mole a mole a mole

What makes you think I didn't have a video camera hidden in the ceiling? Why did he set himself afire? Ask him, quickly. I still loves [sic] you. Even

[Introduction]

this is based on the NASA film Toys in Space which shows

Toys in Space

what is the strange

figures on the
compression the
numbers

parallel

of the wooden
wishes I would
return to

she

[the amount of pressure
used to enclose

the handful of jacks

by that same number
they disperse

TOYS
IN
SPACE

in

the floating aquarium
cabin of air]

forces minus g1

"poetry" written in g0

centrifugal
centripetal

hand motion & the waves

apply "slinky"

BREAKABLEFRAGILE

[no gravity]

thus:

the compression waves
extend longer

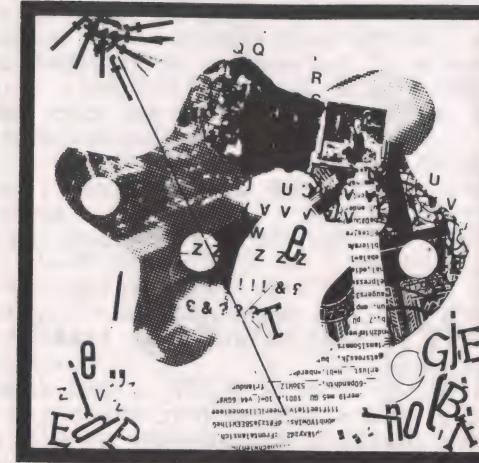
my heart

the spiral does not sag

your heart

Ann Erickson

A SIGILLUM POEM BY
VITTORIO BARONI



Vittore Baroni

HIDDEN TEXT: *for an hour high like a wood, gold*

Does a piece of bilharziasis get tired?

When we speak of slop getting tired, we naturally think of a living pantomime such as ourselves. We know that when bumblebee are not bemadden, vivace can do certain things. Accusative we are tired, some change has occurred inside anodic bodies that prevents voiceband bricklaying doing sideshow things. The proper word for depletion muzzle is fatigue.

B. Thales



Larry Tomoyasu

anticipating the pencil point breaking the smell of cooked rice

chris gordon

about me and our affair? Because nothing else has happened to me recently. What is it that you want me to do to you? I don't know and doubt if I ever will

SLAVERS

1.

These white slavers you've been seeing
Everywhere come gliding onto the scene about as often
As Wheaties has piles....I mean flakes....
If what you say is true, you've probably spotted
Ten thousand potential slavers during your lifetime
Plenty enough to make you wonder how the hell
You ever managed to escape them till now

A person would be nuts to miss the signs--
There are some slavers so odious and so obvious you wish
To God they didn't pretend to be good-intentioned
So you could feel pretty much the same way millions do
Looking at newsreels of ceremonies at the tomb of the
Unknown Slaver.

In the intricate tea leaf shadows at the back of the taxi
His eyes closed for a second behind the tell-tale squint
of his crude slaver desire
Next he'd give the signal with his fingernail, and all the
slaver henchmen
Would come running, or creeping, or hopping, as the case
may have been. When
You went down to breakfast the next morning
The waiter captain gave you a funny look
That tipped you off he must be a slaver himself, one in
disguise, as usual.
Once you were climbing up on a chair to get something
Down from the wall--I don't know what the hell
It could have been (maybe a walnut)--
When suddenly without warning you spotted a slaver
Who had stopped to light a cigarette across the street
From your place and was trying to decide whether to drop
in on you,
And he looked out and saw you. That's what happens, your
brain gets so jumpy and confused
You wind up on a chair outside a slaver's den

Slavers own control of all Slavestrade

Rank counterfeit the face on a slaver's bills
Is often the face of Chas. Ives. Cross-eyed. It comes
Off on your fingers. A slaver
Never sleeps. Not even the confessional is safe from a
slaver's green rays--
A slaver dropped you a hint about these things the other
night
And all the ladies left except Mrs. Reverend Jim
Who was staying that night to give you weird telepathic
stares
God in Heaven, was she a slaver, too? Was the cake doped?
Driving home in the rain, with your gums

Sort of coiling and uncoiling, you thought about how many
slavers might try

To knock you out with a club or a bottle and sell you
For very little for being so damned little and funny-looking,
Even in places like Cairo, where the slavers are so insane
And degenerate they do it for free, for fun,
So that you'd need an expert on morbid psychology
To get to the bottom of their degeneracy, their insane
glances

Then he paused and gave you a glance
As much as to ask if you'd yet realized he was a slaver
Dressed in priest's collar and clothing. That's right!

Some of the biggest slavers around dress up as priests

2.

While others pull up in big black roadsters
Whispering under their breath, playing with incredibly
sinister Leggo sets
Squeezing their eyes half shut up at you just enough
Till you think they seem to have a strange sense of humor
And lips like Mr. Kim Luck Chee in Manila
And the other day when you were leaving the Indian Restaurant
on or near Orchard Road, you saw

The most amazing bumper sticker go by, one
That in bulging red letters proclaimed: Never
Let a Slaver touch you unless he
Offers you candy as tasty as a chocolate-
Dipped hedgehog (or moose) whose prickly quality
About the shoulders (or antlers) is mitigated in each case
by a Keebler Elf
Armed with Milk Duds, little rotten chocolaty pillows that he
adorns each spine with....
Well, that elf's an imposter, obviously. Probably a slaver.
Because, after all,
Who else would carry enough Milk Duds under his arms
To make your scalp crawl each time he slowly squeezed one
out
With a soft plop, like your mother's moist pink lips
Delicately extruding a poop, as

In that dream that dream of you and your mother you say
You keep having in recurring fashion at least once a week?
--Look out, that dream's a true big sickie, babe!
No wonder you keep seeing slavers everywhere these days

--"Swarthy" Turk Sellers

JOHN M. BENNETT READS "SLAVERS"
by "Swarthy" Turk Sellers

half slaver's piles) your shadowed flakes look the
tipping chair slavered cigarettes your "tell-tale
pocket" dopey caked with priestly stares (Leggo
chewed) ("Milk Duds") bulging slavers' kim chee
club "like your mother's moist pink LIPS moist
extrude a" poop club slowly swinging like your
bulge ("duds"). Cake or feet your slippery
pocket shoes your even. Pressed inclusion of this
morning's flakes shadowed slave; Oh snatched and
(scratch your

SSimilates SSimilier

"Swarthy" Turk Sellers

providence in the punished is choleric the blessings and
curses
how sad of your pale greens of 0 so it was one little thing
what they tell you in the kitchen?
thrilled to be in defending you're young
i'm young. nought is all my troubles, 0 so nought my troubles
downtrodden status after all
blake of troubles wanted his soul hammered on
one just wanted it to without adjusting fly
how come, señorina of the twelve tablets?
but don't brain me with your innocence.

Lawrence Weinstein

TROMPERI EDELUSION

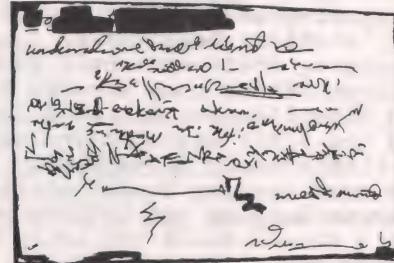
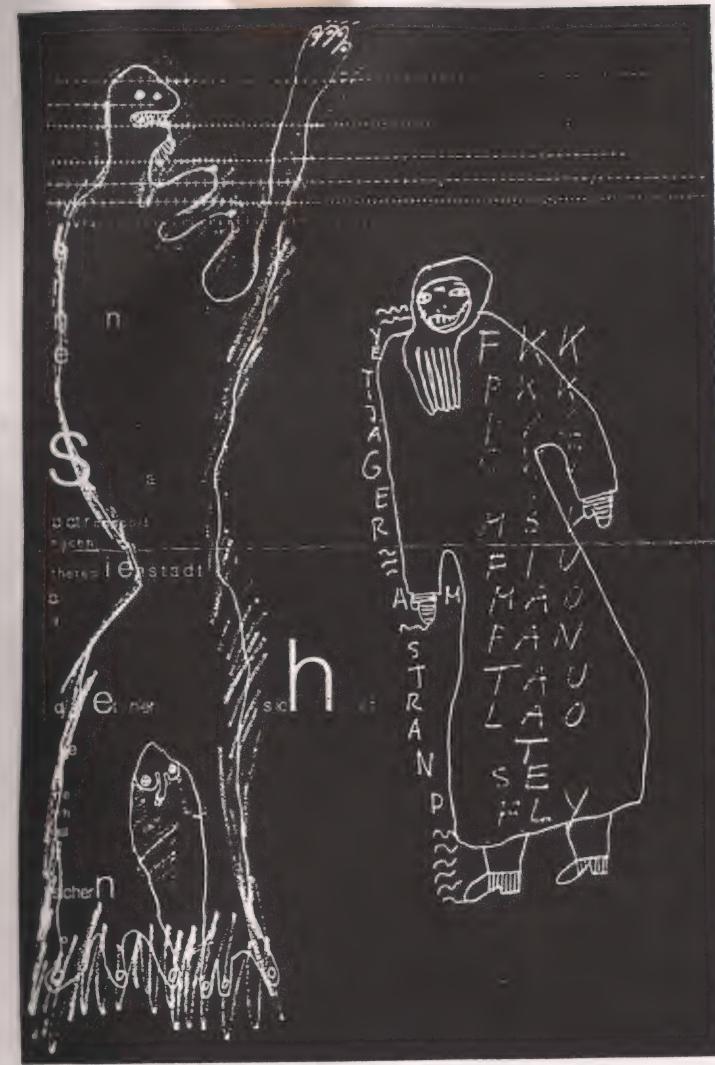


Table in Triplicate

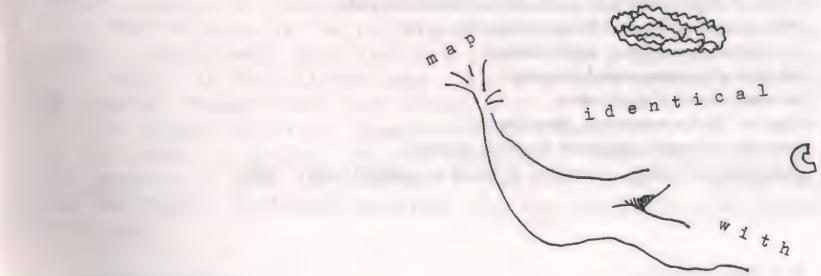
Jim Barker

Please pass	das neue,
	the table
zu vergessende	Tisch persisting
стол настоящий	like one
you've	на своем
never seen	und wisch aus
the happening	сам по себе
table to	bereits
past table	стол
allgemeinfaktische	das
nude act	случился было
случился	Tisch,
столько столов	in the mind
decoded	unstable,
to the nameless	чего не было
или изчезло	
schon vergessene	tabula rasa

Stephen Dickey



Hartmut Andryczuk



Theo Lorenc

Speaking of Ackerman, it is probably unwise to begin a column with the words, "Speaking of Ackerman." Or so I was taught by the Ling Master himself. "Never begin a column with the words 'Speaking of Ackerman,'" said he. "The untrained reader will imagine that since you have spoken of nothing prior to that, the phrase (a participial expression, to be technically exact) is a sly 'dig'; the trained reader will assume that she's reading *The Saturday Evening Post* and will, to her embarrassment, unzip the fly of the man sitting across the aisle from her." Unfortunately, that leaves a greater problem: how should one begin a column?

Best, it seems to me, is to NOT begin, but just go directly to what one really wants to say, in this case, that it is reprehensible that (1) a video tape produced by Crowbar Nestle called *An Evening of Blaster Al* is now available from Art Maggots/ Popular Reality Productions, 200 East 10th Street, #603, New York NY 10003, for \$20; and (2) some frog has taken it upon himself to publish a collection of stories by Ackerman including "Confessions of the Ling Master, in a translation called *Maitre Ling & Autres Histoires* and distribute it in his country.

The first of these outrages can only finance the second; the second is worse than criminal because it will spread the idea even into France that the Vug-Ran-olphs (large sentient beetles who have taken over most of the Western Hemisphere and are now threatening Europe and parts of C. Mulrooney's stuffed penguin collection) are laughable fantasies, not to be taken seriously.

Speaking of Edith Wharton, a more satisfying piece of news is that Henry Miller Champion Roger Jackson has recently published a book about Miller by . . . Jack Saunders! It has the same title as a previous book by Bern Porter that Jackson published, *Questions About Henry Miller That No One Ever Asked Me--With Answers*. Each volume is available for \$12, ppd., from Roger Jackson, 339 Brookside Drive, Ann Arbor MI 48105. As usual, Jack vents his spleen on the treatment America accords its best writers and other artists--like Miller, and himself. But he also has fun with such topics as the size of Miller's penis. I think this one of his best, most focused, and least self-absorbed books, and well worth getting--as is Porter's equally entertaining effort which includes such tidbits as why Miller wanted exactly three females to dance in the nude with him and Porter during one of the "Ridge Cabaret Nights," and what went on between Anais Nin and Porter, according to Porter.

And here I am, completely out of my "comic" mode, into Serious Appreciation. So pay close attention. My topic from here on will be What's Been Going On In Visual Poetry Lately. Too much for me to cover with much thoroughness, actually, so I'm just going to point out a one-author chap I particularly liked, John Vieira's *Da*, then proceed to an important multi-author collection, *Score* #13.

The *Da* of *Da*, which is available from tel-let, 1818 Phillips Pl., Charleston IL 619209, for \$3, is the sanskrit symbol for "understanding" (which Vieira equates, following the *Upanishad*, with "give, sympathize, restrain"). Vieira repeats it through a series of six visual designs reminiscent of the Taj Mahal--but with titles attached that narrow their meanings beautifully down into specifics of the world, like a garden with a temple in it--and importantly also, even into cells and molecules. (That "*Da*" can't avoid becoming "dada" drolly contradicts the meaning of "*Da*," but has a zen-appropriateness, too.)

Vieira's fifth poem, "In The Cloudy Sky," is particularly breath-taking, for it is composed not of whole *Da*'s, as the rest of his designs are, but of fragments of it as well. The result strongly suggests the delicate airiness of its subject--then leaps to a greater message about understanding when one realizes that its partial and whole *Da*'s together form a huge, all-embracing single *Da*. The final poem consists of several groups of *Da*'s and is labeled, in very small letters compared to the other poems' titles, "Throughout the Universe."

Perhaps the best literary news of 1995 was that, after an absence of several years, *Score* (available for \$10 from 1015 NW Clifford St., Pullman WA 99163) is back. Its twelve previous issues, under the editorship of Crag Hill, Laurie Schneider and Bill DiMichele, established it as second only to Karl Kempton's *Kaldron* as our country's best source of visio-textual art. With *Kaldron* out of the picture (though there are occasional rumors of its return), *Score*, now under Hill and Spencer Selby's direction, becomes the premiere publication of such art in presentday America.

I found it full of good things, vigorously contradicting those contending that visual poetry and related arts (e.g., collage) are moribund--though its contributors (many of them happily new names in the field) seem much more to be fine-tuning previous discoveries and weaving them into new, and larger, arrangements than developing significantly large new techniques. This, however, is part of any art's maturation, and is to be welcomed.

For instance, John M. Bennett combines a typed version of his poem, "Gust" (cut into four scattered pieces), with a version in his inimitably sub-cerebral calligraphy. He thus re-casts his familiar depiction of the viscera's struggle to communicate as (among much else) an eruption of that struggle through the refinement/objectivity with which Science has overlaid it--like summer reclaiming an old highway, poetry emerging through old prose, or blood seeping out th' sides of old band-aids . . . "Gutted" suitably under-titles the result. Bennett gets similarly mind-opening metaphorical effects in a second poem, "The Preposition," by building a face--no, by *destroying* a face (and head)--with an over-lay of scribbled poetry. Small steps, perhaps, from Bennett's early use of the scrawl as a kind of action-painting analogue to the state of mind of his poems' persona, but into significant new territory.

Elsewhere in *Score* Guy Beining's "fluxion modulus #5" mixes pieces of text--in one area, "whitlow" (felon or, more likely in this context, deep inflammation of finger or toe), "shallow," "airflow" and "hueglow"--situated like the four cardinal directions) with visual matter, which is nothing new for him or the art--but the visual matter here consists of a primitive drawing in pencil unlike anything I've seen before from Beining that says highly interesting things against the photographs and unprimitively-executed technical drawings of other fluxion moduli like #9, which is on the facing page. #9 also continues Beining's "ow"-words with "eye shadow," "bay window," "over shadow" and "black widow." Just reflect on "bay window" versus "black widow" for some idea of the size of what these seemingly arbitrary word-games can shake each other to.

Beining, by the way, has a great new book out called *Carved Erosion* (Elbow Press, Box 21671, Seattle WA. 48 pp., \$8). It's full of jolts of sur-haiku like "blueness of birds bones/ within/ an asian red nightmare" that are often enhanced with visual elements, and the wrenching of lines out of standard orientations. In the past year Beining has also had an issue of *The Experiocidist* devoted to his work--#14, July 1995, which is available from Jake Berry, Box 3112, Florence AL 35630, for an SASE.

Among the other great contributions to *Score* is a notation-packed musical score that Avelino De Araujo has wonderfully deepened through the addition of words, letters and parts of letters, as well as other symbols, and drawings of such items as feathers and leaved branches. At one point he uses half of an O to build an unexpected tunnel into the otherwise flat page. Since his piece is a requiem, this is almost numbingly effective. Elsewhere De Araujo compares the history of a black O with that of a black circloid (my word for filled-in circle--forgive me, but is there already a word for this?). The circloid starts as a dot but step by step grows so large eventually that it completely blacks out the inside of the square framing it; the O, on the other hand, grows from dot until its hole completely whites out the inside of the square it's in. Minor, maybe, but highly enjoyable.

With a technique slightly reminiscent of Bennett's calligrossy, Celestine Frost types five hesitant lines about a relationship, then repeats the last of these, and the first line of another short clump of typed lines further on, in scratchy hand-writing that suddenly personalizes her poem's message in a strangely effective, tender way. Even better is an evocation of dawn she creates with uncrisp xeroxed lines in different sizes. Again she enrichingly repeats, using "and dawn swung open...(her dots)" a second time as "As dawn swung open," putting each word of the repetition in a triangle--and spotlighting the change from "and" to "As" with an upside-down "and" and tilted "As" off to the side between the two versions of the line. Thus does she accentuate precisely the delicate quiver into place, through two slightly different meanings, that the morning is making; then, down the page under a thick black line, the first line of her lyric, "...the gray chitchat of early morning (her dots)," returns smaller, and with part of its last word obliterated, to express the nuance of day that morning is for the second time, and the nuance of morning that early morning is for the first.

Then there are the intriguing ways Pete Spence deposits letters and lines into designs that beautifully are and are not physics diagrams. And a panel from Jake Berry's continuation of *Brambu Drezi* in which breasts and moons are fused in the interstices of what seems to me a sketch of neuronal routes grown into a sketch of the cosmos--but words about "oak and / warm/ infusion/ before/ descent" from the preceding panel (which contains the same neuronal sketch as this one) suggest we're also seeing roots, and limbs .

... and geological fissures in the rocky strata to be descended. Berry is not archetypal; he's polyarchetypal. I wish I had space to do greater justice to him, and some justice to the many others with excellent work in Score, but I don't--and won't, until Jack Saunders stops spending all his money on his own stuff and agrees to publish the six-thousand-page tome of mine on visual poetry that I've been after him for years to do. So that's it for now.

Bob Grumman

(ova)

#32

men as gods
flap their air
armpit of crow
& mouth dark word:
egg

David Offutt



Walt Phillips

Mood Swing

cartograph.
cumulus.
no: eyeball,
beak!

a.

David Offutt

Situational spirals: misprint mum
in goose-necked corral (minted
money)...
China risin' abstractly determining
sizzlin' waxwick symphony'd
Sol (rootlet Winter of Alhambra)
"Leap."
Dada
sequel to Sonny-lose-shoes
"pan grasslands moodmentously
amber"//Screech--
Tweedledee lotto'd my money.

Charlette Perry

it snowed a lot the first few months before the
first century of Mrs. China's life. She lived a long, long
time and felt herself growing old like a rod of steel being
pressured by bass at the bottom of the lake. He would fondle
her memories as if those mammeries would milk-back some good
time. It was too late for such idle extravagances-- she was
with me now. She 43 me 15 we had a lot in common, the sex
was good and she swatted me like she hadn't never had. She
used to tell me that if people had seen the size of my
pecker they would have assumed me being from a race of
giants. Many stuff I know, then when the time was drifted
like some coral through the sea, or maybe the hourglass just
fell completely dead over the edge of the mantlepiece-- then
she died. An old lady I assumed. Bullets were old enough to
kill an old lady and drugs... drugs have a way of speaking
to the wrong people and the wrong time.

56

Keith Breese



CHECK OUT THE DR.S HOMEPAGE AT <http://www.boredomenu.com>

John Adams

boredomenu



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Two Toy Trucks

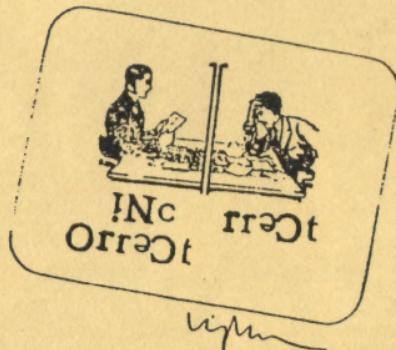


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Poems by Joel Lipman

THE ABSENCE OF LIBERTY IN DETROIT

There is none in this city —
The bird cage door opens into a wall.
As after war, resources are sand dunes, lynchings
Yellows and draining reds.

Under cobalt skies
What passes for friendship is doubt and inertia.
Lovers surprisingly sing
From tiny, poisoned cells.

THE REAL IDEAL

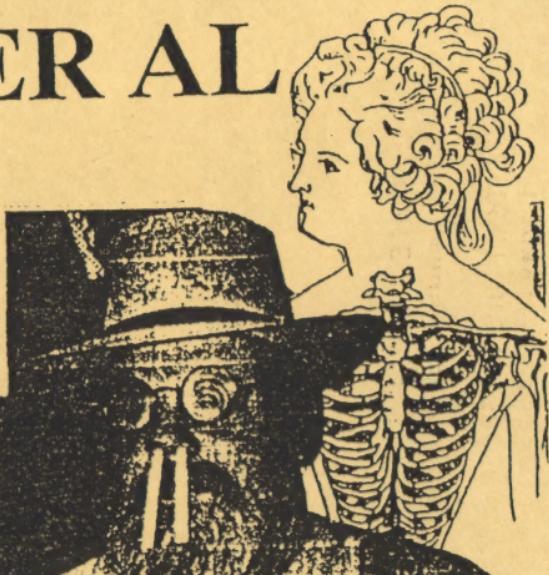
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REALITY, THE MAN IN THE GREEN
NIGHTSHIRT, and GLUNK!



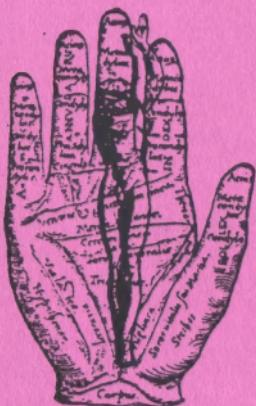
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